

THE CHRONICLE

VOL. VII NO. 2.

CROSSFIELD ALBERTA. THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1914.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

LAUT BROS.

OWING to the unusually mild winter, we find ourselves with more heating stoves on hand than we wish to carry over until next season, so we are pricing them this week at figures never before offered in Crossfield, that not only mean a real saving to customers, but means that it is economy to purchase a stove now if you have the slightest need for it.

1 Only "Very Hot Blast", No. 80 Formerly \$22.50	NOW . . .	\$18.75
1 Only "Belle Oak", No. 16 Formerly \$22.00	NOW . . .	\$18.25
1 Only "Belle Oak", No. 14 Formerly \$19.00	NOW . . .	\$15.20
1 Only "Belle Oak", No. 12 Formerly \$15.00	NOW . . .	\$12.50
1 Only "Sunbeam", No. 17 Formerly \$14.00	NOW . . .	\$11.50
1 Only "Sunbeam", No. 15 Formerly \$11.00	NOW . . .	\$ 8.80
1 Only "Sunbeam", No. 13 Formerly \$8.50	NOW . . .	\$ 7.30

Laut Brothers, HARDWARE & GROCERIES.

FARMER'S MEAT MARKET.

J. L. GUNSOLLY, Proprietor.

W. TIMS, Manager.

Best prices paid for all kinds of Live Stock. We also handle Butter and Eggs. Try our Noted Home made Sausage and Kettle rendered Lard.

FRESH & CURED MEAT & FISH always on hand.

Our Motto: Quality and Prices right.

Crossfield,

Alta.

Atlas Lumber Co., Ltd.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Roofing Paper, Building Paper, Brick, Lime, Plaster Cement, Sash and Doors, Moulding, Oak Dimension

WOOD and COAL ALWAYS ON HAND.

Let us give you estimates

G. P. Blanchard, LOCAL MANAGER.

Local and General

P. G. Swan and T. J. Elliott were among those who visited Calgary during the past week.

Mrs. E. S. McRory is visiting friends in Calgary this week.

E. H. Morrow is at present in Calgary taking up a short course in law school.

Mr. Wm. Urquhart was a business visitor to Calgary during the past week.

C. W. Moore of Cartairs was a visitor to town to-day Thursday.

H. McPhee is a visitor to Airdrie to-day and whilst he will install the officers of the I.O.O.F.

Mrs. Edwards of Macleod is at present visiting here with her daughter Mrs. Birch.

Miss Harrop entertained a Skating Party last Monday evening, after which a dainty lunch was served at Mrs. Stevens.

Willard Graham of Banff is spending a few days in the district.

Have your skates ground to a nice fit at W. McRory and Sons.

The Directors of the Agricultural Society will hold a meeting on Saturday afternoon 17th, inst.

Mr. Hamon, accountant of the Canadian Bank of Commerce here, is expected back Tuesday next, after spending a six weeks vacation in the Eastern Provinces.

Constable Birch of the R.N.W.M.P. has been away all this past week making an extensive patrol of his district.

We understand that Mr. Jas. Egleston the local Section foreman has been appointed Road Master for the Calgary, Red Deer Division.

Don't miss McRory and Sons Stock Taking Sale. It will save you Dollars.

Messrs. Ontkes and Thomas shipped three carload of hogs during the past week.

Mrs. B. Dryden left Saturday last on a visit to Miss Dryden of Calgary after breaking up house-keeping in Crossfield. Bert expects to leave this week to take up a position in one of the towns on the Crow's Nest Ry.

If you require to renew your old Loan or take out a new one call and see me, as I can save you money. I represent the N. of Scotland Can. Mortgage Co., the Canada Life, and others. CHAS. HULSTON.

Miss Anna Ruddy and Thelma Stafford are attending the Agricultural College at Olds, taking up the Domestic Science Course.

Mrs. D. Ontkes left for her former home in Illinois, last Wednesday evening, where she was called owing to the serious illness of her father.

Mrs. Tims of Calgary who owns some property locally was in town on Wednesday last looking after his business interests here.

We regret to note that Mrs. A.W. Gordon has been quite ill for the past week, and up to the time of going to press she is not much improved.

TO CLEAR

Out the remainder of China, Bought for Xmas Business, we offer you a Wide Selection at exactly

HALF THE MARKED PRICE.

This offer includes, BERRY SETS, CAKE PLATES, BISCUIT JARS, COCOA POTS, CREAM & SUGAR SETS, BREAD & BUTTER PLATES, CUPS & SAUCERS, PORRIDGE DISHES.

Specials also on Silverware and Cutlery.

If you need anything in these lines, we can save you Dollars.

W. McRORY & Sons,

HARDWARE SPECIALISTS AND HEATING EXPERTS.

Stock Reduction Sale.

From Saturday, the 3rd. of January, to Saturday, January 17th.

Carry away these goods at a saving of 1 5th. off the Regular Price.

Cash Only.

DRYGOODS:- Flannelettes, Wrapperettes, Prints, Ginghams, Ladies Hose, Underwear, etc. 20 per cent off.

SHOES:- Ladies, Mens and Childrens, Felt and Leather Shoes of all kinds and sizes. 20 per cent off.

MENS FURNISHINGS:- Wool and Fleece Underwear, Wool Shirts, Hose, Gloves, etc. 20 per cent off.

Many Special Bargains outside of those mentioned in this Pre-Inventory Sale, so don't miss this opportunity to Save Money.

Doyle & Elliott.

Council Meetings

The council of the Village of Crossfield will meet in the Council Chamber after Fire Hall on the first Tuesday of each alternate month, commencing with February at 7 p.m.

By Order of the Village Council
L. S. Fitch, Secy-Treas.

Lodge Cards

CROSSFIELD LODGE I.O.O.F.



Meets Every Wednesday Night in the Oldfellow's Hall at 8 p.m.
Visiting Brethren Welcome.

ARCHEE KNOX, C.M.S.THOMAS, Secy.

Rec.-See y.

Crossfield School District No. 752

The Regular Meetings of the above School Board will be held at the School House at 10 a.m. on the first Saturday in the following months: January, March, May, September, November.

All matters of business pertaining to this district will be referred to at this meeting.

The office of the Secy-Treas. is in the Hardware Store next door to the Chronicle. A. R. Thomas, Chairman.

E. S. McFerry, Secy-Treas.

For Sale

Several good young Work Teams for sale. Apply to GEO. HUSER, Crossfield, or phone 414, circuit 4. 3-tl.

FOR SALE...30 Head 4 months old Berkshire and Yorkshire pigs.
D. J. Hall.
Crossfield.

FOR SALE...Several good young work horses, broken and unbroken.

APPLY TO
G. LANDYMORE,
P. O. BOX 23, Crossfield,
PHONE 834.

FOR SALE...1 Pure Bred Shorthorn bull calf, (milking strain) 9 months old. Will register in purchasers name. Also some nice R.C. Rhode Island Red Cockers.

J. A. SACKETT,
Crossfield.

FOR SALE...Anyone wishing some cheap Hog Feed now is your chance, also fall wheat for chicken feed.

APPLY TO
A. J. STONE,
P. O. Box 144.

Cheap for immediate Sale,
White Wyandotte Cockerels
White Leghors Pullet and Cockerels
Gartons' Pedigree Barley, No. 46
1...; 1...; 1... Oats No. 22
One Yearling Clyde Station
1... Registered Berwick Boar.

APPLY
P. G. SWAN,
Crossfield.

Farm For Rent.

The S.E. 1/4 10-29-29, including House, Barn, Hog House, about 3-acre hog yard, fenced with hog fence; Hen House and Well. About 75 acres under plow. Or will sell the place. Address
L. E. DAVIS,
228 7th Ave. E., Calgary, Alta.

WANTED.

WANTED TO BUY...Some young Pigs and Cattle, and to get some cattle to feed. Enquire of the Chronicle.

HAY BALING WANTED.

BALING by Gasoline Outfit by A. J. STONE, for terms, etc., address Box 144, Crossfield.

LOST OR STOLEN.

Lost or Stolen, on the 20th September, one Red STEER, 3 years old, last seen 1 1/2 miles south of Crossfield. A reward will be given to anyone returning the same, or giving information leading to its recovery. P. O. Box 64, or Chronicle.

ESTRAY. On I. C. Hubba farm, 1 mile north and 6 miles west of Crossfield. One BERKSHIRE BOAR. Owner can have same on paying expenses.

It Pays to Advertise in this Column.

CROSSFIELD LOCAL & GENERAL.

The local hockey team are practising almost daily and we hope that they will be able to turn the tables on Airdrie when they go to give that town a return match.

We understand that Mr. Geo. Huser has been appointed as delegate of the U. F. A. to the next convention of that body at Lethbridge. The people of the district are evidently wise in their choice as Mr. Huser has the necessary qualifications to put forth the claims of this locality.

Installation of Officers

Crossfield Lodge No. 42

I. O. O. F.

In the presence of a large number of members and visitors of Crossfield Lodge, No. 42, I.O.O.F. The Officers for the ensuing term were duly installed by D.D.G.M. S. Willis, P.G. assisted by Bro. Geo. Boyce P.G., D.D.G. Marshall, Bro. H. McPhee P.G., D.D.G. warden, Bro. Geo. Becker P.G. D.D.G. Sec. and pro. A. R. Thomas P.G. D.D.G. The following were the brothers installed into the various offices.

Bro. A. W. Gordon, Junior Past Grand
Grand
1. A. Jessiman, Noble ;
2. C.M.S. Thomas, Vice ;
3. A. Knox, Recording Secy.
4. A. R. Thomas, Fine, Secy.
5. C.M.S. Thomas, Treasurer,
and the appointed offices were filled by.

Bro. J. P. Berry, Chaplain,
1. H. McPhee, P.G. warden,
2. S. Willis, P.G. conductor,
3. Geo. Becker P.G. R.S.N.G.
4. Geo. Boyce P.G. L.S.N.G.
5. E. Wag-nor R.S. V.G.
6. E. Meyers L.S. V.G.
7. T. J. Elliott LG.

Old Country Britisher's
Dinner.

England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales were well represented last Thursday evening, at the First Annual Dinner and Re-union of the Britisher's of Crossfield and District. Over 40 sat down to Dinner in the Sample Room of the Alberta Hotel, which was splendidly decorated for the occasion, with the Red White and Blue, Royal Standards and Union Jacks being much in evidence. The tables were tastefully laid, and a Dinner fit for a King was served in a manner that left nothing to be desired and reflects great credit upon mine host Mr. Myers and his able staff. The guests were played into the Dining room to the sound of the Bagpipes played by Mr. McMillan who also played several selections during Dinner, to the delight of all.

After Dinner had been done full justice to, the Chairman Mr. H. Schofield, arose and in a neat speech explained the object of the Dinner, which was to bring Old Country born Britisher's together so that they should not forget the land of their birth. At the conclusion of his speech, Mr. Schofield proposed the Royal Toast, "The King God Bless Him," which was drunk with musical honours, all present singing, God Save The King.

Toasts were also proposed by Mr. H. Schofield, to the Governor General, H.R.H. Duke of Connaught, and Hon. Bulyea, Lieut. Governor of Alberta. Capt. Robinson proposed a toast to the "Homeland" and ended a few well chosen remarks, Mr. H. Schofield responding with his ready and witty tongue, next toast

on the list was, "The Land of our Adoption" proposed by Mr. J. Laut, Mr. R. Peacock responding. Shortly after, Mr. J. Carander proposed a toast to, "The Ladies" and this was responded to with a very pitiful speech, by Mr. L. Fitch. Mr. Collins proposed the "Army, Navy and the R.N.W.M.P." to which Capt. Robinson, and Constable Birch responded, and the last toast but by no means least was to "Our absent Friends" proposed by Mr. L. Fitch.

During the evening, songs were rendered by Messrs. Morrison and Schofield, musical selections by, Messrs. Willis and Lockwood, C. Hawtin giving a few selections on the bones, (by the way are the bones a musical instrument or an instrument of torture) anyway Charlie handles them in a way that would turn the end man of any nigger troupe, green with envy. Mr. L. Fitch contributed a recitation entitled, "Moll Jarvis O' Morley" which fairly brought down the house, and for an encore he gave, "The Road to Heaven" which was applauded to the echo. At the close of the evening a vote of thanks was given to the Committee in charge of the arrangements, to Capt. Wigle, who kindly loaned the flags etc. for the decorations, and to Mr. H. Schofield, the Chairman, all joining in singing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

All present agreed that they had spent a most enjoyable evening and one and all expressed a hope that the Re-union would become an annual affair, one guest remarking that he would be present if he had to travel fifty miles in a storm to get here.

SALE OF PRODUCTS
OF MIXED FARMING

Where the City Comes in on the Question of a Wider Market For This Produce

The diversified products of mixed farming, such as dairy supplies, poultry, eggs, vegetables, etc., are practicable to a much greater extent than the products of grain farming. The question naturally arises, therefore, where will the products of the mixed farm of the West be sold? The market must be near at hand to get the best results, as many of the products of the diversified farmer cannot be shipped to advantage over long distances. The Saskatchewan Farmer call attention to the market problem in its August issue. It emphasizes the fact that production must not be allowed to get too far ahead of marketing facilities. To quote the Saskatchewan Farmer: "Forty farms mixed, tributary to a village with a population of 500 cannot find a home market for all the butter, eggs, potatoes, and vegetables that they could readily produce. If 50 per cent of the farmers in Saskatchewan engaged in mixed farming they would soon glut the market of every city, town and village in Saskatchewan. It is quite evident that the tide of mixed farming is upon us. Not only are many producers producing more than they can market, but a large number are now supplying their own wants in the way of butter, eggs, meat and vegetables. Those who are doing so are very materially reducing the cost of their living. The question is: Are we preparing for a full tide of production of mixed farming products?

The development of manufacturing centres throughout the Prairies provinces will provide the best kind of market for the products of the new mixed farms. It is well that attention is being directed to marketing facilities this early in the development of mixed farming. Efforts should be made to have the products of the farm reach the toller in the new Western factory by the most direct route and in the shortest time. Eliminate the middleman should be the slogan of the mixed farmer and his urban customer.

Factory growth in the West will be more rapid than ever in the next ten years. The market for the mixed farmer is it a stronger likely to be the host of workmen, who will be required to man the new industries, along with their wives and families, will consume all the food supplies the Western farmer can raise.

DR. LACKNER,
DENTIST,
Graduate of Toronto and
Philadelphia Colleges.

WILL BE AT THE
ALBERTA HOTEL,
CROSSFIELD,
Every Friday,
LATEST AND UP-TO-DATE
METHODS APPLIED IN
DENTISTRY.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-
WEST LAND REGULATIONS

THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead 160 acres of land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at the office of any Local Agent of Dominion Lands (not sub-agent), on certain conditions.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. The homesteader must live within 10 miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required in each year, except when residence is performed in districts where

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may preempt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre, or \$480 per quarter-section, each of six years' duration of time required to earn homestead patent) and \$10 per acre extra cultivation. Price of cultivation subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land after report by Homestead Inspector on application for patent.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead rights and cannot obtain re-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre, and duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for

U. S. BROWN,
AUCTIONEER

Sales Conducted in Town or
Country.

Post Office Address CREMONA.
Or call at the Chronicle
Office.

F. MOSSOP,
Licensed Drayman

FOR HIRE Good Team of Work
Horses, about 2,000 lbs., by Day,
Week or longer.
Write, Phone or apply at
Atlas Lumber Co., Crossfield.

Local Train Service.

North Bound	24-47
"	9-16
"	16-06
South Bound	6-01
"	15-21
"	21-01

Grain Price List.

CROSSFIELD.

Wednesday, Jan. 14th, 1914.

Winter or Spring Wheat.

Red	64
"	51
"	56
"	51
"	48
Malting Barley	33
3 Barley	28
4 Barley	26
Feed	23
2 C W Oats	21
Ex. 1 Feed Oats	23
No. 1 Feed Oats	21
No. 2 Feed and 10 J.	20
Rye	42

Over 65 Years' Experience

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BEST ATTAINABLE IMAGE
FROM DOCUMENT AVAILABLE

A Case of Alibi

It Was Very Hard to Prove

By EDWARD L. WALKER

When the war between the states closed more than a million men ceased to be men. A man may never have turned from a soldier, a citizen by the stroke of a pen, but the effects of the life he has lived as a campaigner will cling to him. He can't understand why houses should be locked overnights, or why the doors don't open uninvited in cities both at home. The humdrum of civil life is irksome to him, and he pines again for the varied scenes of war.

Sergeant Charlie Young of the 13th Pennsylvania volunteer cavalry, having been mustered out of the military service of the United States and finding himself unemployed, concluded to go to what was then called the great American desert. He persuaded ex-Corporal William Somers of the same regiment and company to go with him. What they were to do in that desert Charlie did not know, but the visions that danced in rainbow hue in their imaginations were alluring.

There was one feature on which they did not calculate. While they were soldiers they had been clothed and fed

Pacific railroad being built across the continent.

Six years passed. One day a long limbed man, bearing on his shoulder a pick and shovel, walked into a little mining town in the Rocky mountains. Passing a courthouse and seeing timber an old man, a person whom evidently was engaged in trying a claim, the prospector, for which he was entered and took a seat among the spectators, resting his pick and shovel on the floor and in the hollow of his arm.

A man was being tried for murder, and the prosecuting attorney was sitting his case to the court:

"The last person you, honor, who was seen with the deceased was the prisoner. He came into town a stranger. No one in the place had seen him here before or knew anything about him. He was miserably dressed and in a generally rundown condition. He was seen, however, in the home of Mathews, a man, director of the town. That was seven years ago, the spring of 1865. He took supper with Mathews and through a window was seen talking with him during the evening by a person whose evidence we should accept. And, further, he said next door is ready to swear that during the night he heard in the house in which the murder was committed cries of 'Help! Murder!' accompanied by other sounds such as would be uttered by one struggling with an animal."

Mathews is an identical man who stopped with Mathews that night and who disappeared as mysteriously as he had come."

Having thus announced what he intended to establish he proceeded to witness stand and round out the different persons who on that day preceding the murder had seen the stranger come into town and go to Mathews' house aware that the prisoner was the same person. They claimed that notwithstanding a slight change in his attire he was the same man if he had met him anywhere, because as soon as they were informed that he had committed a murder his image was impressed upon and since carried in their mind.

The attorney's attorney seemed somewhat taken by this conclusive evidence and showed by his manner that he believed the prisoner guilty. When he had finished his effort the prisoner asked to be put on the stand in his own defense.

"I was the last four years, your honor," he said, "in New Mexico, having been a good deal of a wanderer since I came to this country; consequently I can't prove my identity. Besides, it wouldn't do any good to prove I was a soldier in the United States army, for I am not now in the army. All I can say in my defense—and that I can't prove—is that in the spring of 1865, when this murder was committed, I was fighting for the United States in Virginia with Sheridan, who was cutting off the retreat of the Confederates. I only left the army at Winchester at the very time the murder was committed. But I can only assert this. I have no way of proving it."

The jury and spectators were sympathetic with the Union cause and were drawn to the defense of the prosecuting attorney in order to head off such sympathy as arose and said:

"If the prisoner was really a soldier of the United States either he can produce his discharge papers or he was a deserter."

"The prisoner's discharge papers were far away. Indeed, he had not seen them for years and didn't know where they were. He sat mute, not seeing any way to prove his innocence. The judge began his charge to the jury, virtually instructing them to find a verdict of guilty."

It was at this point that the man with the pick and shovel arose and said:

"Hello, Charlie!"

The prisoner looked at the speaker but gave no sign of recognition.

"Did you strike that wagon train?" continued the man among the spectators.

"Who are you?" asked the prisoner.

"Bill Somers," cried the prosecuting attorney, springing to his feet. "There is a game here to defeat justice. This fellow will doubtless identify the prisoner as an eminently respectable person."

"Nevertheless," retorted the prisoner's counsel, "I demand that if the man who calls himself Somers can throw any light on this case he be heard."

"Let the witness take the stand," said the judge.

Somers told the story of his life. Young, coming west and how they had been separated on the plains; also that they had never met since that parting; that they had been soldiers in the same company at the close of the civil war and had fought shoulder to shoulder in the battle of Winchester.

"This is simply a made up story, your honor," the prosecuting attorney protested. "Neither of these men is known to have any proof of his identity. They are probably two horse thieves who have escaped the vigilance of justice."

"If that man," said the witness pointing to the prisoner. "Charlie Young, ex-soldier of Company —, the Pennsylvania volunteers, he has the

scar of a mine ball that hit him in his arm at the battle of Winchester."

"How do you know that?" asked the judge.

"Because I carried him off the field when he was struck."

"Pull up your shirt," said the judge to the prisoner.

The shirt was drawn up and the scar revealed.

The judge began again his charge to the jury, stating that an alibi had been proved and they were to acquit the prisoner. This they did before leaving the courtroom.

"What became of you, Charlie," asked Somers as they left the courtroom, "the day you left me on the plains?"

"I hunted two days for you, then concluded that some one had carried you away."

"You haven't had much luck, have you?" remarked Somers.

"Not very," he said.

"Well, all's well that ends well. I've struck a rich vein."

And, putting his arm through that of his old friend, he led him away.

Has His Supplies.

"My husband is very thoughtful."

"Never brings unexpected guests home to dinner?"

"Yes; some times he does that, but he always brings along a pound of bologna sausage and a jar or two of soup."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Couldn't Do It.

"I wish nature could contrive some way to get all this heat out of her system."

"Well, she couldn't very well get it out of her solar system."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Little Joke.

Wife (to newspaper)—What next? Here's a woman mate of a ship. Fancy a woman sailor!

Hub—That's nothing new. Wasn't Lot's wife a female salt? —Boston Transcript.

Desperate Measures.

"I've just washed out a suit for my little boy, and now it seems too tight for him."

"He'll fit it, all right, if you wash the boy."—Knoxville Sentinel.

Not in Her Family.



"Your son is one of those advanced thinkers, isn't he?"

"Yes; he has some ideas he descended from me, but I tell him if he did it must have been on his father's side."

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Horticulturist.

Knicker—How do you remember to water the plants when your wife is away?

Hocke—I keep 'em in the bathtub.—New York Evening Sun.

No Results.

"Aren't you going to say your pray-er?"

"No; I'm not. I am tired of praying for this family without getting any results."—Life.

Had it Located.

"Which part of town are you going to have pulled, Sam?"

"Upper, sir, sir!" answered the Pull man porter.—Kansas City Journal.

Ship Called Iron Duke.

British's next great battle ship is to be called "the Iron Duke," although that soldier came by the nickname in a roundabout way.

"He was never so called until long after Waterloo. An ironclad built in the Mersey and named the Duke of Wellington, and so the vessel came to be known as the Iron Duke."—The transatlantic sailing and steamship news.

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SOME SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

Interesting Information Given By the Students.

Some amazing "howlers" are mentioned as given in answer to examination questions recently but passed on secondary school records in Scotland. "Mammon" was quite commonly confounded with "manns" and also with "mammies." "Mormon" was identified with "Mutes." One definition was, "A worshipper of mammon means a bigamist," another that it means a "lascivious female." Since the people of that tribe were led by mammon in the wilderness."

Muses, it was stated, were often seen at funerals in the older days. A "Job comforter" was described as "a woolen muffler worn round the throat," as "a thing to give the baby the patience of Job," and as "something inside the whale's belly, and it was very pleasing for him to get out again."

There was a tendency to represent Isaac as a fat, bald-headed man, "a woolen muffler round the throat," or to see in the phrase an equivalent to other familiar sayings like "the fat is in the fire," or "to kill the goose that laid the golden egg."

But the scene of absurdity, it is declared, was surely reached by the candidate who stated that "Mammon was a fat, bald-headed man, the son of Moses who had all the people gathered together and sold their goods."

"Moses at the fair."

The parson of Gray's walkie-knife died on the death of a favorite cat," proved rather subtle, and girls as a rule did it better than boys. In widely separated schools odd names occurred, such as "the 'happiest nymph' as a 'goldfish with no clothes on.' In an essay on flowers the word "nature" was said about "An animal that in a man's or woman's or sailor's still." "All nature leaves us when winter comes."

Of the pairs of characters in poetry proposed for comparison, Macbeth and Satan, there was a strong tendency to treat Satan, not as a fallen angel, but as an erring mortal. "He resembles Satan in that he is a sinner," said one, "but he is not a fallen angel, but an erring mortal." "He resembles Satan in that he is a sinner, but he is not a fallen angel, but an erring mortal."

Some interesting bits were found in the history papers. George Washington was confused with George Stephenson. Mr. Gladstone with David Livingstone. Frankenstein with Frankenstein. One boy, after reference to the Boer War, solemnly declared that "Lord Roberts died last year at the age of 100, and was buried at the Cape of Good Hope."

Two noteworthy definitions of franchise were given—"Franchises is a kind of cotton imported in bags, and Franchises is a game and a never-to-recurre when the Spaniards in days of old got at the Isthmus of Panama." The event most often mentioned was the foundation of the House of Commons, which was regarded as simultaneous with the passing of the Parliament Act. It is remarked as extraordinary that many children defined Presbyterians as government by priests or by bishops.

Youth Should Be Idle.

R. L. Stevenson is one of the few writers of distinction who have been bold enough to call a pipe a "bogus."

"It is surely beyond a doubt," he wrote, "that people should be a good deal idle in青年. For though here and there a Macaulay may

have a 'bogus' and a 'fiddle' and a 'saw' and a 'cooky' for his wife."

The little fruit baby is made in this way:

"In a earthen dish add three whole cloves, one-half dozen allspice, one ounce of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of powdered thyme, two tablespoonsful of vinegar and half a pint of hot water. Cover with a cloth and carrots may be added. Cook five hours, using two roasting plates."

Cookery Points

Three Fireless Cooker Recipes. For beef roll take one ounces of lean beef from the shoulder or shin. Take two ounces of sausage meat, with an equal quantity of stale breadcrumbs. Cut the meat into slices one-half inch thick. Mix crumbs and sausage meat and spread on the meat. Roll up and tie. Try out two ounces of fat salt pork and brown the meat in it. Take from the fat and place in an earthen dish. Add to the fat one tablespoonful of diced and browned onions. Add a little water. Season with half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful of Worcester sauce and two tablespoonsful of tomato catsup. Pour over the meat and cook about five hours between thoroughly heated roasting plates.

Beef à la Mode. Take one pound of the shoulder of beef, cut in squares, add a little pepper and flour the meat. Put in an earthen dish and add three whole cloves, one-half dozen allspice, one ounce of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of powdered thyme and half a pint of hot water. Cover with a cloth and carrots may be added. Cook five hours, using two roasting plates.

Sheep or Calf's Heart. Stuff with sausage and breadcrumbs. Season with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Put into an earthen dish and add one tablespoonful of tomato catsup and a slice of onion. Cover with boiling water and cook for five hours, using both radiators.

Fruit Babie.

Some delicious little fruit babies are sold in one of the shops that has made a name for itself as the home of unusual sweets. Each stands three or four inches high and is made of a square saucer and a cookie. The little fruit baby is made in this way:

Elle, two feet, are two almonds implanted firmly in the cookie before it is baked—with pointed toes and rounded head of course. The two legs are made of piping that by means of pushing and pulling, when taken on themselves the outline of the full breeches of the small Dutch boy. The body, like a loose blouse, is a bigger fig. The arms are strings of dried apricots, each one tied in the middle of a half a boiled peanut. The head is a big, square caramel, the face part white, with rich chocolate features, the hair part brown. A tiny cap made from a piece of a fig is perched rakishly over one corner of the funny square head.

Fruit Babie.

This is a toothsome confection to which figs are the principal ingredients. Grind separately and then together twice, equal quantities of dried or pressed figs, stoned dates, seeded raisins and nuts thickly with a cupful of cream and the white of one egg and the same amount of cream, stir together and work into it a stiff confectioner's sugar until it is quite stiff.

Then wrap enough of this into the fruit mixture to bind it together. Pour the remainder of the cream over the figs and the cake will be full of the full, vivid, instructive hours of truancy that you regret; you would rather cancel some facts, just as periods between lines are an weakness in the class.—London Chronicle.

Takes Place of Limes."

The idea of substituting some form of condimentary exercise in place of the old-time "limes" in school has found favor in England as well as in France. At one boys' school it is customary for the boys to be paid a sum of money to be paid to the master, who holds the raffle tickets, while in another the task resolves itself into the more arduous one of getting up a display of the girls' field day, or large girls' school in Yorkshire one of the punishments for having things unmarked is to have to take a walk round the grounds, evidently holding the offending article in one boot, bag or glove

—in one hand.

Champagne Scare.

A shortage of champagne, which seems probable in view of poor results shown by the 1913 vintage, will be felt more in England now than ever before.

Mr. Algernon West relates that in his early days "two bottles of champagne was the allowance for a dinner party. These were handed round after the meal, and the dinner was over."

Lord Alvanley was the first to have the courage to protest against this measure, exclaiming one evening: "You might as well expect us to drink out of thermometers."

Egg Pie.

Fry four large sliced onions in clarified butter, drain them well and mix them with a rather thick, white sauce, adding in at the same time three hard boiled egg sliced. Line a shallow pie dish with paste, fill up with the mixture, cover with mashed potatoes and bake in a moderate oven.

Italian Cake.

Mix together two to three ounces of previously cooked rice, two ounces of butter, six ounces of grated cheese, one whole egg and pepper and salt to taste. Steam this mixture in a buttered basin or mold for one hour and ten minutes, turn out and serve with lemon sauce.

The Agent Of Owl Creek Junction

He Made a Success of a
Difficult Job

By F. A. MITCHEL

"There's no use, Jim," said Laura Bingham; "we can't get married and live decently on \$40 a month, and that's all you get from the railroad and all you're likely to get even if you are promoted. You know yourself that conductors only get yourself only \$30. We'll have to give it up."

Jim Perkins saw the force of his fiancee's argument. He resolved to apply for a position that would take him away from her.

The terminal of the road was on the flat prairie, and at that time a number of railroads were pushing out into the great American desert. Jim wrote an application for the position of station agent on the frontier. He had no expectation of any notice being taken of his application and intended to leave the service of the railroad anyway and go west. What was his surprise to receive by return mail an



Jim HAD SNATCHED HIS OWN WEAPON.

appointment as station agent at Owl Creek Junction, a point out on the plains not far from the Rocky mountains. Jim was amazed and surprised. The salary as station agent was \$50 a month, which was a good deal more than he had been getting.

With a sad heart he started for his new field of labor. On the way he stopped at Owl Creek Junction and learned that it was looked upon as one of the most promising points on the road. True, at the time the population in the vicinity were a lawless lot, such a small group of desperadoes classed who would be the real development of new countries. But the branching of a great thoroughfare was sure in time to make Owl Creek Junction a city.

This welcome encouragement caused hope to arise in the breast of James Perkins. He had \$50 that he had been saved when he expected to marry Laura Bingham, and he resolved to invest it as soon as he arrived in a town like this. He did not expect to get a lot for so small an amount, but the owner of the place, who was satisfied with one on the outskirts.

Hopeful youth—that leads one on through dreams to realities, ending either in success or failure! After all, are such things better than pessimism, which undertakes nothing, accomplishes nothing?

The nearer Jim got to Owl Creek junction the more he learned about it. One day he was at the station when he was dashed over him till he received the bucket itself, which struck him with such force as to stun him. The conductor in charge of the last section of the road gave him a true picture of Owl Creek Junction and made it plain to him why he had been appointed agent there.

The nearest house to the junction was a mile. The country round about was infested with jayhawkers and horse thieves. No agent at the rail road station had ever been sent to collect money for tickets from 90 per cent of the persons who traveled on the road. They either demanded tickets without pay at the point of the revolver or used the same implement to pass the conductor without paying a fare. But the usual method was to call for a ticket at the station, get

their hands on it and walk away, forgetting to leave the cash for it. There had been five such incidents in a month. Now the last one appointed was eagerly waiting for his successor.

Jim received this terrible bucket shortly before the train drew up at Owl Creek Junction, and his heart and soul did not begin to tremble when the train stopped at his new home; he looked upon as desolate a sight as he had ever seen in his life. There were a station, a water tank, a fuel house and nothing else except an open stretch of country, inhabited principally by the prairie dog, the sole vegetable product being the cactus.

Jim had stepped out of the train a man came out of the station especially. A bandage covered his forehead and his left eye. His arm was in a sling.

"The new agent?" he asked of Jim.

"Yes," replied Jim faintly.

"Well, come in here and I'll turn over the property. This train goes back in half an hour, and I have to be on it."

"Been hurt?" inquired the new agent.

"Slightly. I was fool enough to try to collect the price of a ticket from a conductor who had just come on the train, and I got on so late, I didn't try it, but

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THE WINDOW AT THE WHITE CAT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart
(Copyright)

(Continued)

Not quite, I answered noncommittally, and began to wind my watch. He took the hint and prepared to leave.

He opened the door and stared ruefully down the hallway. In the hall, I heard voices. The voices were quiet without Miss Jane, he said irrelevantly. Well, good night, and thanks.

He went heavily along the hall, and I heard his door. I heard him pass Margery's room, and then go back and rap lightly.

It's Harry, he called. I thought you would be worried if you knew I was in the house tonight.

She asked him something, for—Yes, he is here, he said. He stood there for a moment, hesitating over something, but whatever it was, he decided against it.

Good night, dear, he said gently and went away.

His voice familiarity made no wince. Every unattached man has some pang now and then; I have it sometimes when Edith sits on the arm of Fred's chair, or one of the others. And I have it when I sit on mine. And one of the sanest men I ever met, went to his office and proposed to his stenographer in sheer craving for do-something-ness, and when his wife, one of his friends, ran her hand over her husband's chin a "give him a proving slap for not having shaved.

He was ready to bed. Wardrop rapped at the door. He was still dressed and had his coat and hat on.

Look here, he said excitedly when I had closed the door, this is not my bed at all. I never examined it fully.

He held it out to me and I carried it to the light. It was an ordinary single bed, with leather and gold tan in color and gold plated mountings. It was empty save for the railroad schedule that still rested in one side pocket.

Do you think he'll be asked excitedly.

Whoever stole my bag had this one to substitute for it. If we were in the shop it would be from the bag there, the purchaser we have the thief.

There is no maker's name in it, I said after a hasty examination. War-

droop fair and I took the bag from me despondently.

If you don't mind will leave it here, he said. They will be here in time to support me and I'd like to have the bag for future reference.

I have no idea I've much later it was, that I roused, awakened and heard a sharp crack in bed. I sat up, a still vibrating along my nerves and I got up and lighting the candle, not into my raincoat in lieu of a dress, but going to the window.

My door, while I had left open, had closed. Nothing else was disturbed. The leather bag sat just as Wardrop had left it. Then I heard Miss Mathilde's tramping. Wee coming certain strangled and irregular sounds now falsetto, now deep bass, that

showed that worthy lady to be asleep. A glass down the staircase revealed Davidson.

You didn't happen to be up there a little while ago, did you? I questioned, and he had been kept from trying to sit tight when I asked. Why?

Some one came into my room and wakened me, I explained.

That's funny, he said. Anything in the room?

Nothing, but some one had been in the room, I reiterated. The door was closed, although I had left it open. I have been here before, Mr. Knox, he said in his unctuous and you know what that is. But if at will relieve your mind I will tell you that to the best of my belief he was in your room not once but twice, in the full hour and a half.

What could he have wanted? I explained. But when I revealed him Davidson's eyes crossed. Search me, I said and yawned.

I went back to bed. I deliberately left the door open, but no instructions. Out I went. I sat and glanced down the stairs. For all his apparent drowsiness Davidson heard my cautious movement.

Have you got any tobacco, he said. I have a pack of head off.

But I had none. I gave him a box of cigarettes. I was roused by the sun beating on my face, to hear Miss Jane's voice again.

Nonsense, she was saying, querulously. Don't you suppose I can smell? Do you think because I am a little old that I have lost my other senses? Somebody's been smoking!

It is me, Heppe, I shouted.

It is me, Letitia snarled. What are you smoking for? That is not my shirt; it is mine.

I ain't smoking, yelled Heppe. You won't believe me.

"Vinegar!" said Miss Letitia, with a scowl. Next thing you will be telling me it is vinegar that makes you sick. Come around to my pocket.

You pinned my cap to my scarf. I hurried downstairs to find Davidson gone. My blanket lay neatly folded on the bed. The chair and sofa chairs were ranged along the wall as before. I looked around anxiously for telltale signs but there was none save at the edge of the spotless register, a trace.

CHAPTER IX Breaking the News

Wardrop did not appear at breakfast in the morning, and I was alone.

I awoke the glistening headlines of the morning paper laid open at Wardrop's plate. She must have followed my eyes, for she turned to him again.

She was nervous, that is, I said and put my hand over the header, and her quick eye caught the name. The old "I am not to be trifled with" expression.

She was not to be trifled with, I said, meeting her astonished gaze. Please, let me have it. I promise you I will give it to you almost immediately.

She was very pale and her hands with tremors, I said, and her with- out returning the paper. I saw a part of that. It is about my father.

Drink your coffee, please, I pleaded.

I will let you read it, then on my honor.

How can you be so childish? she exclaimed. If there is anything in that paper that will hurt me to drink coffee going to make it any easier?

I gave up then, and, feeling the heat of her eyes, I said, and she had had her morning break the night as gently as could be. I told her that he had been accidentally shot.

Accidently? she asked, her eyes

wide with alarm. She lifted her hands from where it had rested on her arms and looked at me, scowling, her eyebrows. He was murdered.

That's what I did not tell you.

Murdered! You said you had

it. It happened. I went to you in time, and you didn't do anything, No, I said.

I did my best to defend myself. How could I?

And afterward when she sat up and pushed back the damp strands from her eyes she was more reasonable.

I did not mean what I said about your not having done anything, she said almost childishly. No, one

has to do more. It was to her father, that's all.

But even then I knew she had trouble in her mind that she had not told me what she had heard that Wardrop was under grave suspicion?

Between her dead father and her lover, what?

I told her the news of her brother-in-law's death to Miss Letitia.

She sat, sitting up in bed.

Her blue eyes held her pillow.

She was a quiet death, I said, and she would be hanged.

After that she apparently dismissed him from her mind, and we talked of her other son. She regretted that under circumstances Jane would not read in the family lot.

We are all there, she said—eleven of us, counting my sister Mary's two sons, and the two sons of her brother.

She was a quiet death, I said, and she would be hanged.

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SEVERE COLD ON LUNGS AND CHEST QUICKLY RELIEVED

By Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chloredys

Mr. J. Seward, Broomfield, Que., writes:

"Two weeks ago I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs and chest. I was unable to sleep at night and suffered a hacking cough. I was feeling miserable. I bought a bottle of Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chloredys and after a few doses of it I was relieved. I went into a sound sleep, a thing I was not able to do for some nights. Next day I was able to be active again, as well as ever. It is a fine cough and cold cure."

Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chloredys relieves the irritation and "stuffed-up" feeling in the air passages, eases the tickling which makes your cough, loosens the phlegm and drives out the cold before it gets troublesome.

In 25c. 100c. bottles, at your Drugstore's, National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

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Completing the Record

You—you are a reporter, perhaps, querying the paternal old chap on the street car of the young man who was writing to you?

Yes, sir, was he reply.

I am glad to meet you. You go everywhere, don't you?

Most everywhere. And write up all sorts of incidents, Yes.

These have been a witness of all sorts of death?

I have seen victims of fire, water, railroads, street cars, brewery wagons, poison, hanging and what not. The last is only one form of death I have not seen.

Indeed. That may be a fatal balloon accident?

Oh, no. I have seen six different men fall from balloons and meet their death.

Boiling in oil?

My own mother died that way. No, I mean as it may seem. I am just now on my way to complete the record.

And you are bound for—for—

The football grounds. I want to see every bone in a player's body broken at the kick.

The Human Animal

In babyhood his mother called him a kitten. (The neighbors called him a little monkey.)

When at college he was commonly called a cat.

But according to his enemies he was a beast.

After he left college he became among his friends a gay dog.

(The girls usually termed him puppy.)

In business he was referred to as a fly fox.

His competitors labeled him a wolf in sheep's clothing.

His love affairs were a perfect dicer.

Some said, however, a perfect doggy.

In society he was described as a lion. (Varied occasionally by that stupid ass.)

Mirard's Liniment Cure: Diastemata

Rats

In America it is estimated that the number of rats is nearly equal to the population, but rats are not so destructive as they are destructive as the rats found in many of the foreign countries and are more easily exterminated. It is estimated by Professor Elmer that there are 100,000,000 rats in the British Isles. India's population is outnumbered by rats to the extent of four rats to each human being.

Away With Depression and Melancholy.—These two evils are the accompaniment of a disordered stomach and torpid liver, and medical records all show their visit.

The most effective way to combat them is with Parke-Brown's Vegetable Pills, which will restore the healthful action of the stomach and benefit the heart. They have proved their usefulness in thousands of cases and will continue to give relief to the suffering who are wise enough to use them.

The Rev. Dr. Jordan was anxious about his son's college examination and requested him to go to the result. He did and sent the following telegram: Lynn 342, fifth street, last two lines. Looking up it the father found the words: Sorry vanquished, Jordan ended.

Another Li. Mailed

So you brand as a lie your opponent's statement that you have your price? asked the interviewer.

Yes, exclaimed Senator Burroughs, payment was held up.

The next record for a no stop flight may be made by a prominent Mexican statesman.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

You have Red, Weak, Watery Eyes or Gonorrhœa, Dryness, Itching, Secretions, Eye Inflammation, Salts, Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c., 50c., Murine Eye Salts in Aseptic Tubes, 25c., 50c., Eye Books Free by Mail, 1c. and 2c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

W. N. U. 981

His Card

E. H. Sotter, the actor, confesses to a habit which sometimes has its disadvantages. It is his custom to make memoranda of things which occur to him from time to time on his stage career or other. A bit of paper or a card or other small piece of paper he keeps in his pocket. He tells this as one of his experiences: "I had occasion to call at the home of Grover Cleveland. I waited for my host a few minutes. Mrs. Cleveland came in to receive me, the card still in her hand and about her mouth a rather odd smile."

I think perhaps I had better return to you, she said.

I took it. On the back I had written: 'Socks pajamas one dozen col-

lars.'

A Hearty Welcome

Mrs. Clay telephoned to a friend that she would come down and spend the day.

Well, here I am, she exclaimed cheerfully as the little daughter of the host.

Yes, replied the child, I am glad to see you, and I know mother will be glad, too, for she said this morning when you phoned that she was thankful she was going to have the visit over with you.

Pluck in Defeat

Charles Edward Russell, the Socialist, was beaten in the election of New York, said of his defeat:

At any rate we put up, we Socialists, up a brave fight. And now, in defeat, we are as cheerful as the travellers.

A traveler bought a ticket from Paint Rock to Nolichucky, and then, going on to the platform, said:

How soon does the train leave?

Why, there she goes now, said a station hand. You have just missed her.

The traveler leaned on to the line and set out in pursuit of the train with all his might. But he was two or three miles away, and came trudging back over the track.

A laughing crowd had gathered and the station hand said:

Well, did you catch her?

No, said the traveler, but by Jingo! I made her pull.

HOW TO TREAT ALL SKIN TROUBLE

Greasy Ointments No Use—Must Be Cured Through The Blood

It is not a good thing for people with a tendency to skin troubles to have a high complexion, or smear their selves with greasy ointments. In fact they couldn't do anything worse, because the grease clogs the pores of the skin and causes disease worse.

When there is an irritating rash a soothing balsamic wash may help allay the pain, but, of course it doesn't cure the trouble.

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Most Curious Nation

The most curious nation on earth is difficult to answer.

Civilization is a very classic term and is understood differently in different times and places.

I, for instance, understand that all the things that go along with wealth, Great Britain, France and Germany would appear to be the mark of civilization.

But the traveler, however, held

closer to the idea that you withdraw your head.

The antiquary's villa. This isn't what I bought! exclaimed the purchaser.

It is dated 1810. All the ornaments and curiosities were around, needless

to say, and after some bargaining the farmer sold him the carvings for quite a sum.

He brought the traveler to the antique

shop.

It is a vaccination mark.

In old days, when compulsory vaccination began, we Japs vaccinated everybody.

Excuse me, sir, replied the farmer, it's the same, right enough.

But the farmer who recently replaced the one who sold him the villa said:

I thought I ought to put it right for you. The antiquary was sporty enough not to go back on his bargain but the facts of the case do not seem to speak highly of his antiquarian knowledge.

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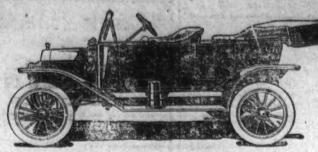
Peccular Japanese Rite

Segon temple, in the province of Ia, Japan, is the scene each July of a peculiar rite dedicated to the worship of Acalanatha, the 37th serpent deity.

It is a goma (a corruption of Sanskrit "homa" or "burning").

Buddha taught that the cause of suffering is desire, and the Japanese, in their search for happiness, have given up the idea of desire.

They have given up the idea of desire.



It's the prince of cars—and car of princes. Two grand dukes and nineteen princes drive Fords in Russia. And the sturdy car is as popular with both classes and masses the world over. Its unequalled merit has won it world-wide recognition.

Six hundred dollars is the new price of the Ford runabout; the touring car is six fifty; the town car nine hundred—all f. o. b. Ford, Ontario (formerly Walkerville post office), complete with equipment. Get catalog and particulars from

Agent: A. W. Gordon, Crossfield.

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CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCOES, PIPES, MAGAZINES.

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COLLINS BROS., Proprietors.



Coal! Coal!

Now is the time to put in Your Winter Supply

We can supply you with Lethbridge or Taber Lump Coal at \$6.75 on the car or \$7 delivered in town. Special rates on 5 ton lots or more.

W. STUART & CO.,
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Wagons, Buggies,
PLOWS,
Cream Separators,
Grinders, &c.,
ALL SNAPS!
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TRCA & CO'S

A full stock of Deering Goods to choose from, to fill your wants at **Right Prices** and terms.

If your Farm doesn't suit you come to us for a trade.

If your Machinery doesn't suit you do likewise. All we ask you to bring is your Article and Common Sense.

Property in all parts of the Province. If you haven't what you want we'll get it. Give us a call.

TRCA & CO., Successors to G. O. DAVIS.

The Crossfield Chronicle

Subscription price, \$1.00 per year in advance; or \$1.50 if not paid in advance. Published at the Chronicle office, at Crossfield, Alberta, each Friday.

Rags
Business local, 10 cents per line first insertion; and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Legal advertisements, 12 cents per line for first insertion; and 8 cents each subsequent insertion.

Commercial contracts rates upon application.

ROBERT WHITFIELD,
PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.

CROSSFIELD, ALTA., JAN. 15, 1914.

Be Prepared For Spring Seeding.

Now is the time for farmers to consider the question of a good seed grain supply for next spring. The greater part of the grain in the West was harvested under ideal conditions last fall, and little difficulty should be met with in getting seed of strong vitality. Notwithstanding this, there are some individuals, and even sections of the Western Provinces that were not so fortunate at harvest time, and now have seed of doubtful vitality in their granaries for the spring seeding. Seed of strong vitality makes a good start, helps to keep down the weeds and finally gives the big yield; while seed of poor vitality is a sure loss.

Therefore every farmer who suspects the vitality of his seed should send a sample to the Dominion Government Seed Laboratory, Calgary, for a germination test. In order that the report of this test may be of greatest value to the sender, preparatory to sending the sample he should first clean his seed as for seeding.

Too often seed that is badly contaminated with weed seeds is sown. Every year the proportion of Western wheat and oats which contain wild oats is increasing. Such grain must take a lower grade because no satisfactory method of separating it has been devised. Samples of flax containing 15 per cent of weed seeds are only too common; this amounts to approximately 200 bushels of waste per car.

When the cost of threshing, handling and freight on this useless material is added to the loss occasioned by the injury to the growing crop, the net profit per acre is very materially lessened.

Flax is the most badly contaminated seed which the farmer sows, and since it is usually sown on new breaking, his land is practically ruined at the start. Farmers who have clean farms, or farms free from some of the most troublesome weeds—wild oats, stinkweed, false flax, tall mustard, wild mustard, tumbling mustard, etc., should be very careful to sow only clean seed. The Seed Laboratory at Calgary is at the disposal of the farmers of the public, and it is hoped that they will make use of it in their efforts to obtain a pure seed supply.

In former years most of the samples have come in to be tested in March and April, overtaxing the capacity of the Laboratory and sometimes causing a delay in reporting on the samples. It is therefore urged that the samples be sent in as early as possible to avoid this delay and to enable the farmer to replace his seed who thereby finds it unfit for use.

Unless more cattle are raised, stock at a dollar a pound in the course of the next ten years is the pleasing and promising prediction of a Chicago packer. This will give the vegetarians the chance of their lives.

Ivor Lewis

Sole Agent for the Famous

GALT COAL

Hard Coal and Briquettes always on hand.

Fire Wood. Draying
Crossfield, Alberta

PRINTING!

We do all kind of Printing with
Neatness and Dispatch

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Calling Cards.

Call at the
CHRONICLE OFFICE,
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WELL DRILLING.

Wells Drilled by Day or
Contract, any depth.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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D. A. McARTHUR &

M. ASMUSSEN.

or W. MCROBY & SONS,
CROSSFIELD.

Fresh Supply of
DIAMOND DYES,

All Colors.

Also COMPLETE STOCK
of

DYOLA DYES.

MERRICK THOMAS, Druggist

W. BROWN,

IS OPEN TO BUY

ALL KINDS OF

HIDES.

Best Cash Price Given.

CROSSFIELD, Alta.

Farmers Repair

Shop

Special Attention Given to
BLACKSMITHING.

Blacksmith's Coal for Sale.

PRICES EIGHT

ALEX JESSIMAN, Prop.

CHAS. HULTGREN

Notary Public and Commissioner for taking Affidavits

Conveyancing of all kinds of Legal Papers such as TRANSFERS, MORTGAGES, AGREEMENTS OF SALE, LEASES, BILLS OF SALE, Etc. INSURANCE and LOANS my Specialty.

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YOU WANT TO BUY ANYTHING,
ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER FOR RESULTS.